

THE RECLAIMER

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THE RECLAIMER

"WE CAN IF WE WILL"

SUNDAY CONCERT AT OVAL

Woonsocket Choral Society
Entertains Record Crowd

Last Sunday the Columbus Choral Society of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, entertained a crowd of about 250 of the corps men and patients at the Assembly Hall of the Oval. The concert was given under the direction of Miss Kathleen O'Brien who is a prominent organist and choral director of that city.

The Columbus Choral Society is composed of about forty young women and has been organized for some time under the leadership of its founder and ex-President Mrs. William F. Barry. It was Mrs. Barry's idea that besides the pleasure and profit that the members of the society would derive from their rehearsals, they could be of much use and cheer to the soldier boys and thus to the purpose of the war by entertaining at the various Camps and Hospitals where the boys are located. And so ever since the war began they have from time to time, given their very excellent concerts as opportunity provided. When they came to us they were forced to cut down their usual program somewhat for lack of time as the distance to be covered to and from the home of the singers is magnified by the fact that they must be transported here in one of those big, slow moving trucks. But we are well able to judge the quality of their work from the part that we did hear and we pronounce their concert to be the best thing in the way of entertainment that has come to the hospital yet.

It was very pleasing that so many of the patients from the various wards could be there. Many of these boys had not been to anything of the sort for so long that they had forgotten what it meant to be so lavishly entertained. The Major took the patients from the Headquarters barracks and nearly walked the feet off of them getting them there by hitting a pace of approximately six miles an hour for the entire distance. It was also pleasing to note how little disturbance there was during the concert. The patients maintained a perfect attention during the whole perform-

ance with but few exceptions and everything went off very smoothly.

The work of the soloists deserves special commendation. Miss Dorothy Norris rendered two delightful selections. Her voice was meso-soprano and well placed. It had deep, rich qualities that were very pleasing and it was well suited to the size of the hall in which she sang. The brilliant work of Miss O'Brien hardly needs comment. She sang a soprano obligato with a choral selection entitled "An Italian Street Song," and her work was greatly appreciated by all the boys. She was kind enough to repeat parts of it a second time. The only entertainer on the program to get an ovation on appearance was the reader, Master James Smith of about twelve years. He read a story poem about an event of the Prussian occupation of France that stirred memories of the old days in some of the listeners and left them wondering how on earth his small head could ever retain so much material of the vigorous type that he displayed. He, too, was encored. The violinist also added much to the last number of popular songs.

The program was as follows:

The Rosary,Nevin
A Dream,Bartlett
The Chorus.

Solo—My Task

My Caravan, Miss Dorothy Norris.
Snowflakes,Cowan
Traumerei,Schuman.
The Chorus.

Reading,James Smith.
Rocking in the Wind and Italian Street Song.
The Chorus.

Popular Songs.

We all wish to express our appreciation of the work of the Society and thank them for coming to us. We wish them all the success in the world in their work.

SURGEON GEN. REQUESTS EDUCATIONAL STAFF FOR RECONSTRUCTION

The following announcement from the Surgeon General's Office is worth space in your paper:

Ten thousand disabled soldiers are now being given some sort of educational work in forty-three different hospitals. Thousands more are on their way and will receive the same help.

It is announced from the Surgeon General's Office that in order to handle properly the educational work in the new hospitals with the vastly increased numbers of patients, a

material increase in the educational personnel is necessary.

By a recent order, transfers may be made from any branch of the service to the educational service, in the Medical Department. Acting upon this, officers and enlisted men with special qualifications are being transferred from their present assignments where their services are no longer needed, to the Division of Reconstruction. They are to become instructors or supervisors of the various lines of school work. They have been attracted to this work from the various departments of the army, because of trade or industrial training and experience that fit them especially for this service.

Instructors and supervisors are still needed for almost all lines of technical work, but the need is most urgent in the following subjects: Agriculture, carpentry, auto mechanics, typewriting, drafting, printing, tractor operating, machine shop, electricity and leather work.

Any officers or enlisted men who may be interested in the proposition of transferring to this service should get in touch with the local Educational Officer at the Base Hospital, or the Division of Physical Reconstruction, Surgeon General's Office, Washington, D. C., and full information will be furnished.

MISS STILLWELL GETS FURLOUGH

On Friday last, one of our nurses was granted a two weeks' furlough to go home and recuperate from the illness from which she has been suffering for sometime. Since she has been in this hospital her work has commanded recognition from all those who knew about it.

Miss Stilwell came to us just in time for New Years from Camp Dix, New Jersey, where she was sent after her enlistment as a Red Cross Nurse for duty with the army during the present emergency. During the latter part of her stay there she was dangerously ill with the Spanish influenza and following that with Bronchial Pneumonia and was just regaining her normal strength when she arrived here.

Since she reported for duty here, she has successfully nursed Chaplain Blakney through a serious attack of pneumonia, a visiting officer through an attack of tonsillitis, Lt. Caravarta through an attack of the influenza and materially aided in making Lt. Poate comfortable in the last days of his stay with us. She has also done some ward work with the patients in the North ward.

We wish to express the appreciation of all those who know her, and wish her Godspeed on her trip, and enjoyable vacation and hope that when her time is up she will come back again to join us.

FROM THE CHAPLAIN'S POINT OF VIEW.

A change is announced in the usual order of church services, starting this coming Sunday. I am pleased to note that the boys do not have any revielle call on Sunday morning to disturb their sleep but I most sincerely hope that the relaxation of this nature will not prevent the boys from getting to their various services on Sunday morning. After this the schedule of services will be as follows:

8:45 a. m. Roman Catholic service in the Canteen.
10:00 a. m. Protestant service in D Barracks
11:00 a. m. Christian Science Service in D Barracks.

It was according to the desire of the priest, Father McCarthy, that the Catholic Service is held at the time scheduled and it will be held continuously at this time until he sees fit to change it. The other two services are changed to the time, one hour later to allow the boys longer to get around in the morning.

It is my desire that the Jewish boys of this hospital shall have a service under the leadership of a rabbi from Boston if they so desire. It is important at this time that every man shall have religious opportunities in the line of his own faith and that he support them. If a sufficient number of the Jewish boys express their desire for a Jewish service, I shall be glad to arrange for it.

Do not forget your services boys. They are for you and you need them. I shall be glad to see any of the boys in my office in the basement of South Ward ward and talk over any of their problems with them. I am here to help you and I want to do it.

RAYMOND B. BLAKNEY,
Chaplain.

FROM THE NORTH WARD

Of all the difficult places that one could imagine, two weeks ago the North Ward of our hospital was the most difficult. Most of the more acute cases had been transferred there and it was a question there for sometime as to whether or not the building would last for two weeks longer, so rapidly was it being torn apart. One of our patients during a spell of excitement, tore a hole through the walls of his cell and smashed windows without stint. Wittewicz, our Polish acrobat, persisted in doing some drastic escaping that would have done credit to Houdini.

Today the North Ward is as quiet and orderly most of the time as any other hospital ward. Since MacIntyre came back from his recent furlough and he and Lt. Sturgis got their heads together, the management of their ward under the difficult conditions is worthy of notice. Norman Bergay, alias "Jesse James" who was formerly the frequent cause of uproar has been kept in fairly good condition and quieted down. The repairs have been made on the buildings and now through constant care and oiling, the floors are clean, smooth and sanitary.

Both Lt. Sturgis and Private MacIntyre are

men experienced in their various capacities in the work of caring for the patients in a psychopathic hospital, and they understand their men. Both of them are genial and uniformly good tempered so that they are able to command respect from the men they are with, without antagonizing them.

We are told also by the men who are in the North Ward that the Nurse on duty there is very capable and agreeable to work with. Best wishes to the Staff of the North Ward.

Officers of the United States Army who were formerly reserve officers are entitled to have their allowance of baggage, which was crated and shipped at Government expense from their homes to their first station in accordance with law, recreated and shipped at Government expense to their homes upon honorable discharge from the service, according to a recent bulletin issued by the War Department.

LT. HOHMAN ON FURLOUGH.

First Lt. Hohman, M. C. who has been the chief of the Medical Service of this hospital, has been granted a furlough of two weeks to go home and rest up from his labors. He has been in the service over eighteen months and in all that time he has not had any vacation or furlough. Since he has been at this hospital he has been more than industrious and has even burned the midnight oil in getting the work out. He is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical school and since his graduation has been working in Psychiatry.

During his trip he expects to visit Baltimore and Cincinnati. We hope that he has a pleasant trip and comes back rested up, so that he can enjoy his work.

MRS. GILBERT HAS AN ELATION.

A few days ago we were greeted by a happy smile on at least one face in the hospital, for Mrs. Gilbert had just received a telegram from her husband overseas that he would arrive at New York on Saturday, February 15. Major Gilbert has been overseas for eight months in command of the First Battalion, 351st Field Artillery. As there were not sufficient guns and ammunition of the type desired here in this country, at the time Major Gilbert assumed his command, they were forced to go overseas and train there under the direction of the French officers. This took up about six months of their time and they finally got into the last drive about 20 Kilometres south of Metz. Now that the end has come they are on the way home and we add our welcome to that of the Major's little wife.

During the month of December, 1918, the Salvage Division reclaimed and returned for reissue 1,382,397 articles of government issued clothing and equipment. From the disposition of waste materials the sum of \$309,964.40 was realized and \$82,629.84 worth of waste was turned over to various military organizations for further use making a total of \$392,594.23.

FROM THE BOYS AT E WARD.

Since E Ward has become the Hospital it has taken on a very different appearance from what it used to have. It is clean, quiet and orderly now under the direction of the ward surgeons and nurses. The faculty there is changing some. Captain Lawrence, one of our newer officers, is to have charge in place of Lt. Agris.

One of the patients there has a real hard luck story to tell. He is Private Christian Van Lennep of Fort Wright, Connecticut. He and Private Krause of this hospital came into the service together about eight months ago and were Buddies together for some time at the military hospital near Syracuse, N. Y., until they were transferred to different points, Krause coming to Pondville and Van Lennep to Fort Wright. They had not seen each other for some time and Van Lennep succeeded in getting a furlough to come and visit his friend here. He had not been here long when he took sick and was sent to E Ward where he has been ill ever since with severe hemorrhages from the lungs. At the present he is quite ill but feels that he is getting stronger all the time and we hope that he will. He says that he is mighty glad that he was here when the attack overtook him for he is getting much better treatment here than he possibly could have at the Fort where he has been stationed. Much credit is due to those who have taken care of him so well.

There are really only five bed patients there besides him and none of them are dangerously ill. Pvts. Fred L. Miller, Mitchel F. Stancil, Raymond Goodwin, are sick with tonsillitis and Private George Arnot has the mumps. Private Arnot has the distinction of five high explosive wounds about the legs, the largest of which has not healed yet. He is a regular patient at this hospital and has seen some service overseas. He is a mighty cheerful fellow and always ready to joke and be joked by those who come at times to visit him. We were brave at first about visiting him but since he tells us that this is his second attack of the mumps we are all somewhat afraid that it may be our turn to have them again. What Ho, the Guard!

The Reclaimer takes this opportunity to thank Mrs. Cowel, chairman of the Wrentham Home Service Committee, for the use of her car, in distributing the Reclaimer.

A vote of thanks is also due Mr. Geo. Gilmore of Wrentham for the same service.

Private Lehman has been relieved of his STRENUOUS duties at the switch board and will be connected with the Reclaimer office henceforth. We expect him to forage for those little news items that are of interest to you fellows and help make the paper readable.

Private Hutchinson is now a REGULAR SHOF-ER—We know from experience—He took us to Pondville the other day in about "nothin flat." Otherwise we would have had no paper this week.

THE RECLAIMER

Published by and for the officers and men of U. S. G. H. No. 34 by the authority of the Surgeon General of the Army.

HOSPITAL STAFF

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EDITORIAL

In general, there are two possible attitudes that one may take towards life: the optimistic attitude or the pessimistic. On February 12th, we observe the day that is immortalized to all time, because it is the anniversary of one of the world's incomparable optimists—Abraham Lincoln.

His optimism was not of the shallow kind that recognizes no difficulties. From his boyhood days, he learned from hard experience that pessimism was an attitude only to appropriately cultivated and determined that at least, with him, it must not be. He saw rather, that after all difficulties are always in the natural course of things and the greater the problems dealt with, the greater the difficulties, but that it was necessary that one should look beyond them and realize that the real opportunities of life loom far larger than the difficulties. It was simply his problem that he, personally should become great until he should be equal to the opportunities and then the difficulties would somehow be solved in the process of things. And he met his problem fearlessly.

To look with a broad view out over the great masses of humanity, as he did, some overcome with the squalor of their own folly and some revelling in utter indifference to the miseries of their fellows, is not given to all men. Most men of his time would not have dared to so strongly and directly refute popular theories. These, he saw, must be done away with, at least, in the course of the national policy before there could be any lasting good accomplished. Lincoln determined that there was no ignorance so dense nor any sin so bitter that sympathetic and intelligent Reclamation could not overcome it. So today the world is better and richer, because Lincoln, the

Reclaimer and Optimist, taught it this great truth.

Viewed in the abstract, this seems commonplace and yet there are few who, in their personal dealing with others are able to make it practical. We, of this hospital, in many ways are facing problems of Reclamation that find their analogies in the most ordinary processes of normal life. Among our patients there are those at whom we must look with pity and wonder whether or not they can be made once more to take responsible places in society. And in the face of this problem, it is not worthy of us that we should say that our work is not worth while or even less worthy than any other we know. For, beside the fact that, of all waste, wasted humanity is most worth while salvaging, in civil life for many years hereafter, the men who have fought for new world-ideals are going to be called on to eliminate from their work what we have termed hitherto the normal waste of inefficient and misfit individuals and this work here is a splendid preparation. In saving some of our patients from being a total loss to society, we are solving on a somewhat cruder plane, the same problems that we shall have to face when we go into society to adjust it to the new standards required by the war.

The weariness and reluctance that we feel in doing this when we want to be home and away from it, are the factors we must fight against if we are to be Reclaimers. The job furnishes a splendid challenge for every man who is big enough and resilient enough to respond to it. Let us realize our part in this great task and then we shall some day be big enough to assume the greater problem. Let us be optimists rather than pessimists and we shall have truly done honor to the memory of this greatest man—Abraham Lincoln.

“UT PROSIM”—SAY THE NURSES

13½ lucky or unlucky?

No wonder the windows on the South Ward are dirty.

Some one ate all the soap. Who said the girls in white are lonesome?

Lost:—Recently, a nurse, on one of the cross cut roads to the Hosp. When?

Last week, some one desert(ed) the Chief Nurse.

There are two desks in Ward E office now. I would like to ask why?

A poster is soon to be put up for nurses wishing to return to Camp Dix, N. J. How many will sign?

From the chorus of “My Old Kentucky Home”:

Weep no more my lady,

Oh, weep no more today!

(Keep away from the Adj. if you do.)

Pondville:

Beautiful for spaciousness, wilderness and beautiful skies.

Beautiful and healthy for invalid heroes.

Lonely for people who “have been going to dances every night.”

One nurse, I know, is exceedingly interested in Brest, France. What is her fate?

When our Chef gets sick I'm sure he will get good care, for those special diets he sends to Wd. D.

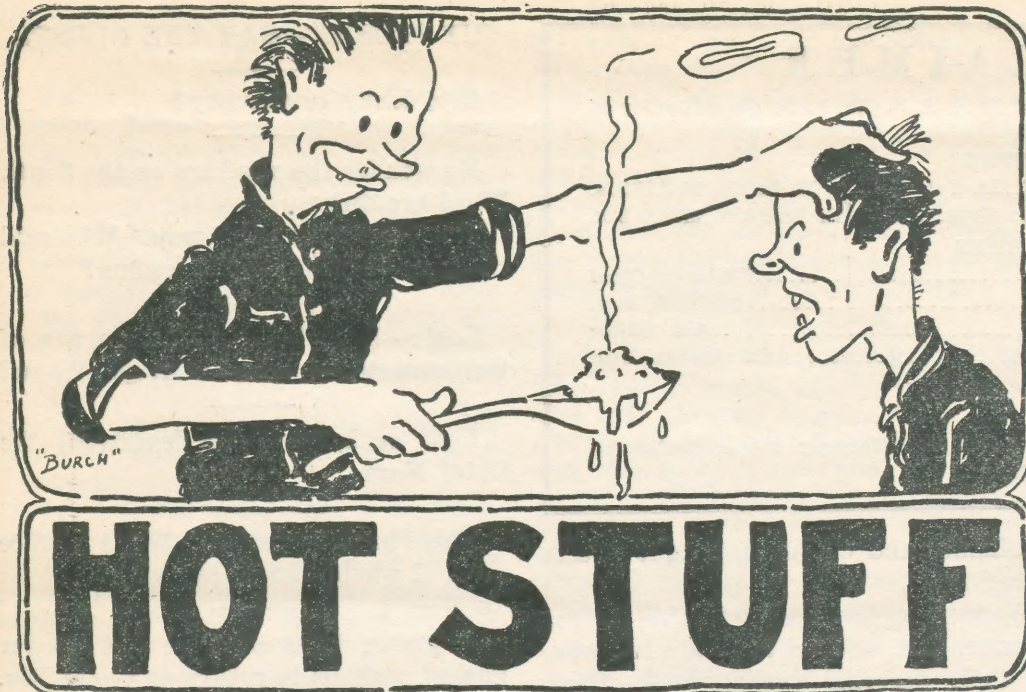
A certain dark cloud in this hospital is fond of the nurses. He like's 'em.

Our Chief Nurse has a favorite pt. on the North Ward. He's her (right) hand man.

The telephone wires to Wd. D are worn pretty thin.

Nurses don't know much about drilling, but I know one who ought to learn to do about face. Some Loots don't know how to do it either.

I wonder why the nurses don't get away from the reservation? (Ans.) Ask Capt. Sullivan, “he knows.”



Inmate of "C" Ward (looking out through bars)—What time is it, fella?

Private (passing by)—What do YOU want to know for? You ain't goin' no where!

Sgt. Malone—What time of day is it in Ireland when two FORDS pass each other?

Pvt. First Class Reuther—I dun-no, what time is it?

Malone—Tin-past-tin!

(Guess that went over the transom).

McKibben—What is the difference between Foster the tailor, and an undertaker?

Lieben—I'll bite, what is it?

Mack—None, they both get you in the end.

(Orderly—get the axe!)

Imagine It!

Beck—Say Krause! C'n ye imagine this?—plank S-T-E-A-K!—smothered in mushrooms, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, side dish-a-corn, celery, olives, coffee, tea or milk, ice cream and cake! C'n ye'magine it—all for thirty cents?

Krause—Where? Where?

Beck—Oh! I didn't say you could get it. I said c'n ye' **MAGINE** it!

(Have a heart, Beckie)

Wanted: By the nurses—a clothes line for wash days.

Pretty Close

Some people are so close that thy have to suck a stick of dynamite to live with themselves.

(The Major got that one off).

It is rumored that private Lyons saluted a bell hop in Boston the other day. (Those naval uniforms are confusing).

"Freddie", our ten year old "Newsie", hands our mail man a hot one. Here it is:

Billy drove a Maxwell,
O'er the roads to Pondville,
To the nurses he would say:
"Come and ride with me."

There was another chap
We well know is called Fred,
So "nursie" sat on Freddie's lap
Instead of on Bill's.

(It don't rhyme, but we don't care).

Las-Verse

Now Billy is a loveable lad,
And really got provoked,
But this time he was much annoyed,
And off he drove, by hoke!

(Signed) Freddie.

This is merely a suggestion and is in no way intended as a hint—Our piano in "D" barracks is a little on the "Qui Vive."

From "Mr. Jazz Himself."

Speaking of pianos why wouldn't it be possible to exchange the new piano now located in No. 1 cottage at the Oval, for the one now in the auditorium? It is next to impossible for an entertainer to perform on the instrument which is in use there.

A Little Iambic Stuff

There's a sergeant who's first name is
Homer,
When off duty he sure is a roamer.
With hair parted in twain, the girls can't
refrain,
Such winning ways has our Homer.
(Don't you believe us? It's-a-fact).

Cubist Poetry

(Use your imagination; We can't)

Chow

Odors and more odors!

List!

Crash! Bang! Clatter!

Odors! (Phew!)

Hark! Fish-horn!

Rumbling of hob-nails on hard earth!

Curses! Empty stomachs! Gnawing!

Odors! Nausea!

(Was-a-matter down there? Send up them beans!)

Pay Day

Smirks! Smiles! Grins! Riotous
laughter!

Crackle! Crackle (bills)

Allotment!

Insurance!

Canteen!

Laundry!

Jingle-jingle! (Small change)

Sobs! Curses! Wails! Gnashing of
teeth!

(Thirty days until).

Our Office Tom Cat

Yes, we have an office cat. We call 'im
"Corporal."

Well! Well! Pleased tuh meet-cha
Corporal!

Ye know, along with the proverbial scissors, bottle of paste, etc., there is nothing quite so home-like as an office cat to drape himself over your typewriter, get his feet in the glue pot, and besides ye know he can be a great news getter. Ye see he has the ability to get into places where we haven't the nerve or any business. More power to you Thomas!

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

—When we don't have onions for supper on dance nights.

—When Bunker has an open date in his book. (We bet a dollar he's going out tonight.)

—When Mayo cracks a REAL joke.

—When our barber keeps regular hours.

—When warm weather comes (how 'bout it McKibben?)

MABEL'S WEEKLY TO DERE BILL.

Dere Bill:—Things is all gone to pot round the post this week and I don't care much if I don't stay here no longer. Bill I guess I'll go round to the C. O. tomorrow and tell him I'm goin' to quit. He don't like me much because I don't like him and the other day when he called me into his office I just acted independent like and didn't say much when he asked me questions. I guess he knows what I think about things now.

The Major is a great frend of mine. He talks to me every time I meet him and I think he kinda likes me. The other day I went around to him to see what ailed my foot cause it's been painin' me steady for a couple of days. He looked at it and said that the only thing he saw the matter with it was that it was seven sizes too big for me and why didn't I have an operation to get rid of some of it. That made me mad right off and I lit into the Major and told him why he was born with a square head. But the Major cept rite on smilin' and said that I was in no condition to be treated for my feet until I got some of that steam off my chest so go rite on. I told him he didn't need to bother with my chest and as far as the steam was concerned, I was pretty well riveted together and didn't expect to bust right away. He made me so mad that I nearly dide but he kept so cheerful that I got over it. He ast me a lot of questions to find out what was the matter with my foot. He ast me if I was a good talker and I told him I was always considered so at home.

Then he ast me if I ever had larenjytus and I told him about that spell of horseness I had ten years ago when I used to go with yore kin brother and he said wel he thot that was what was the matter with my feet. I had sort of wore my pipes out and because I was so used to that it didn't show up in the regular way but had settled in my feet and made them week. I want you to ask your father what that diseese is. He ot to know because he is a horse doctor. You know I think now that the Major must have been kiddin me about my feet. He said go to the depensery an tell them to give you a pil, then toke that three times a day and after three yeres you'll feel better. How can I take a pil three times a day when I only got one pill? And besides I'd get another doctor before I wait three yeres for Major's pil to cure me. I wisht you ask about this for me.

Thairs a officer here I like awful well that I haven't told you about before. I don't meen the way I like you Bill because he's married. He used to live in Frisco where you said we were going on our wedding trip if you could dig up the money. Out there he lerned the Shimme dance an when he danced with me the other night I never had such a good time in all my life. As usual I stept on his feet a good deal while I was lerning but I got so I can do it pretty good now.

Say, Bill, did you ever do the Shimme? I like it awful well but some of the girls here say it's tuff. I don't see nothin tuff about it and besides they ain't nothin hard about it. I lerned it rite off the bat. I don't just know

why it is that I like to do it with him so much and I told him so. He says its his smile I like and I guess it is too. I don't think you could ever do the Shimme to amount to anything Bill cause you aint got the makeup.

Some of the other girls at this post have been reel meen to me this week. They somehow got hold of the letter that I wrote you last week and without telling me anything about it they read it and then began to kid me about it. They said I was ruff and had no good sense at all and that prety soon I would be the most scandalous character on the post. In the first place, Bill, I think that anyone who read other people's correspondence takes there own chances and if they see something that puts there eye out they can pay there own doctor bills and its no funeral of mine. You see I figur it out this way Bill, since were ingaged there ain't goin to be no secrut between us and I don't mind tellin these things to a feller like you anyhow. As far as its being ruff you don't know the difference and so I don't care.

Well, Bill, I know it gets your goat to her me tell about going out with all these swell fellers and so I am going to quit for good because I don't seem to be much of a success. I still like you Bill, even when I remember all the things you do that I'd be ashamed of. So here's luck to you and yours and remember I not to stay up late nights and don't go with any other girl.

Unblushingly yours,

MABEL.

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Mass.

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BUY IT HERE BUDDY, THEY ADVERTISE IN THE RECLAIMER